

MOUNTAIN ECHOES



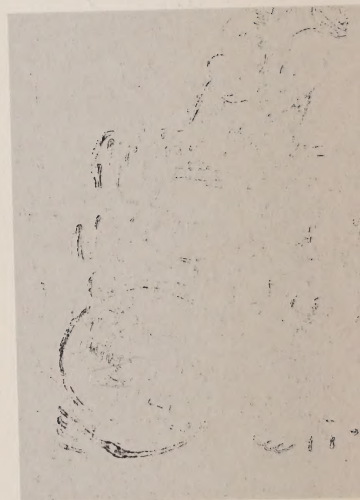
March-April



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
University of Toronto

<https://archive.org/details/31761075940395>





MOUNTAIN ECHOES

STONY MOUNTAIN, MANITOBA

ADMINISTRATION

F.S. HARRIS	WARDEN
J.A. de VARENNES	DEPUTY WARDEN
G. TEGMAN	A/D WARDEN (IT)
R. THOMPSON	ASST. WARDEN (S&S)
B. THORGRIMSON	LIAISON OFFICER

CO-EDITORS E.T. VAN-DUSEN, F.E.J. HOPPE

ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

SPORTS EDITOR

J. Wannop

G. Gunn

LAYOUT & MAKE-UP

PRESS-MEN

COMPOSITORS

J.C. Petrie, B. Camphaug, F.E.J. Hoppe, C. Slater, E.T. Van Dusen

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

B. Adamson, Steve B., S. Kozaruk, Pat Kilpatrick, B. Camphaug

PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES BY

The Winnipeg Tribune

The Mountain Echoes is hand-composited and published bi-monthly by the inmates of Manitoba Penitentiary, with the kind permission of the Commissioner of Penitentiaries, A.J. McLeod. It is designed to promote a better understanding between inmate and public.

Subscription rates are \$1.00 a year. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, 1951. Those wishing to subscribe may do so by addressing their remittance to:

MOUNTAIN ECHOES,
c/o The Warden—Box 101,
Stony Mountain, Manitoba.

Permission for reprinting is cordially granted, providing credit is given to the author and magazine.

CONTENTS

Volume fourteen

Number two

MARCH - APRIL — 19 5

ARTICLES

	PAGE	AUTHOR
The Bearded Prisoner	12	E. Van Dusen & G. Gorrell
Easter Poem	18	F.E.J. Hoppe

SOCIAL

DRAMA CLUB - FIRST	4	Jack Wannop
BARDIS NOOK	17	B. Camphaug
Notes & Notices	11	

MISCELLANEOUS

Wonderful Wizards Of Ads	35	F.E.J. Hoppe
Theatrical Acknowledgment	34	G. Gorrell
Winnipeg Tribune Anniversary	29	Staff

SPORTS

Unber the Gym Roof		B. Camphaug
Winter Sports Afielb	31	G. Gunn

DEPARTMENTS

Editorial	1
Steve Bee's	
News & Views	30
Penal Exchange	33
Open Letter To Penal	
Press Members	38



EDITORIAL **Crossroads**

The pointing arms of the sign stretch out. . .to right and left. . . one is proper and the other improper. . .right and wrong. . . .Before me, tall, stately, and stark, it stands. . .as I make my decision . . Which way will I turn today? . . . The question is always asked. . . but the decision is the same. . .never varying. . .from those made through the years. . . .Knowledge has shown me the right turn. . .but my wants and desires have determined. . .the way I turn.

I like the easy life. . .and the ingredients that go into making it up. . .money, women, whiskey. . . and the bright lights. . . .Each one is a part of the other. . .but, money provides them all. . . .Deprive yourself of that commodity and you can count the happiness. . on your little finger. . . .Some will say. . .that you can enjoy peace of mind and happiness. . . through poverty. . . .I say, more power to them. . . .I will buy whatever I need. . .in the line of happiness. . . .Money will achieve that purpose. . .for me. . .in more ways than one. . . .Peace of mind will come. . .as it must. . .in time. .

It is my decision. . .which one I eventually decide to take. . . .As a rule, . .my turning has always been. . .in the same direction. . . the one I wanted mostly. . .high living and all the ingredients. . . making up the formula. . .a steady round of pleasures. . .a short life but a merry one!

Off in the distance. . .I see the lofty spires of Churches. . . and, along the roadside, signs. . .EDUCATION. . .and others of FAITH and HOPE and CHARITY. . . .On the lots opposite the road, . .laughing groups of children play and frolic. . .at games. . . while people stroll by. .smiling in appreciation. . having once known happiness. . during their age of innocence . . .Other home-owners hurry home. . .to tasks at hand. . . preparing meals. . .caring for the lawn. . .working in the garden. . . household duties. . .the menial tasks of the day. . .with a song on their lips. . .and a smile on their face. . .with the knowledge of Someone watching. . .from above and it's a good day. . .the sun is shining in all its glory . . . This is the right turn I should make . . .

But, where is GLORY ALLEY . . . BROADWAY and its lights . . . the OFF-BEAT BARS . . . my FRIENDS and associates . . . and all the things I need . . . to make up my present day? . . . There's nothing . . . to replace these much-needed divertisements . . . nothing : . . . This can't be the way.

I make my usual turn down the road . . . so much wider than the other . . . so big in order to hold the many pleasures . . . and likeable fares displayed . . . No straight and narrow path is this . . . High Jinks sprawl everywhere . . . As my faltering step nears . . . an elaborate dwelling . . . a gentle tapping . . . on the window . . . attracts my attention . . . and I see a finger beckon . . . should I or shouldn't I? . . . For the first time . . . indecision halts my hesitant step . . . Close by are brightly lit signs . . . beckoning . . . with their enticing wares . . . LIQUOR . . . GAMBLING . . . GIRLS . . . SLOTS . . . This has been Home . . . I hung my hat here . . . Why do I hesitate now . . . in finding a place . . . to hang it again? . . . If not here, where? . . . Could I possibly find a place . . . in the other direction? . . . In a home? . . . This is my home . . . In Church? . . . I don't remember what one does . . . inside places of that sort . . . Who could I talk to . . . if I was living around life . . . the likes of that? . . . What part

could I ever accept . . . as mine . . . living with people the sort I had seen . . . in my glance . . . down their narrow streets? . . . None of my cronies . . . my bosom-pals would not be there . . . new friends would be needed . . . to make up my every day . . . what could I possibly have . . . to contribute . . . so that I would become acceptable . . . not for what I now am . . . but for what I would become later . . . Would I be sorry . . . for making the decision . . . in changing . . . The change-over would surely be a drastic move . . . nothing would be the same . . . not even the air . . . but how? . . . How? . . . perhaps there is a way.

Once, years ago . . . so many have passed since . . . and obliterated the count . . . that now only faint recollections recall . . . to mind . . . the teachings instilled during growing-up days . . . Mother and Dad advice was adhered to . . . until the short breeches were replaced . . . with trousers of man's length . . . the age of know-it-all had been reached . . . and entered . . . Manhood had been attained . . . I thought . . . Now, time had taught me the sincerity . . . behind those warnings and parental advice . . . they are memories . . . to the extent I am cogitating . . . and trying to remember what they were . . . and willing to make amends . . . if possible, in some manner . . . I have turned . . .

and am looking back. . . towards the division of the roads. . the sign.

With the beginning of recollection. . . I start the long walk back. Each movement of my hesitant feet. . . of my walk, becomes more firm. . . somehow, there exists a feeling. . . of something prompting my movements. . . . Try as I might. . . I cannot fathom this change. . . . Why am I giving up . . . all I have tried so hard to keep. . . for so many years? There must be an answer. . . along the roadside, somewhere. . . . Perhaps, I will understand. . . and know before long. . . . Wearily, my steps plod along. . . . The walk this way. . . was not nearly as tiring. . . as the return back. . . . The same sun is shining down. . . the distance is the same. . . and then, a newly-found source of strength. . . similar to the liquid strength I had known. . . . and welcomed so often. . . seemed to urge me on. . . . My step became more firm . . as if I were going. . . to where I rightfully belonged. . . as if it was Home. . . . Home? . . . That was something I had lost. . . and had acquired again. . whenever

and wherever I hung my hat. . . . There had been many of them. . . and all alike. . . . This had a definite feeling of belonging. . . as if I had only left it. . . for a stroll, . . and was returning. . . a good clean feeling inside. . . where I could digest the feel of goodness. . . . With this alien feeling of pleasantness. . deep inside. . . I reached the sign.

Slowing my steps, I looked up. . . at the white arms reaching out. . . to right and left. . . how many times had I bypassed the sign . . without an upward glance. . . my usual turn had been determined beforehand. . . . Something seemed different. . . for some reason . . . and then I noticed the change The tree branch. . . that had covered the arm. . . pointing the direction I had a ways taken. . . . was lying on the ground. . . someone had cut down the tree. . . Looking up, I had my first look. . . at the arm in its entirety. . . . Long and slim. . . and painted a dirty white. . . its arms outstretched. . . and upon one. . . a weathered and time-worn word. . . glared down at me. . . . DETOUR.



Instead of complaining about all the things we haven't got, we should be thankful we haven't been given all we deserve. (CJOB RADIO, WINNIPEG)

A FIRST: Drama Club-Plays, A SUCCESS!

JACK WANNOP

All firsts are the resulting efforts of one source or another. This first is no exception to the rule and took considerable effort and persistence to materialize. The initial motivation materialized in the aim of Mr. Cowperthwaite, Liason Officer I/C of extra curricular activities in the educational advancement field. Following a discussion, where several of the inmates showed an interest, he then approached the administration and won their approval, then he went to the Manitoba Drama League where Mr. Tufter and Mrs. Maurrer volunteered their services to us—as associate members of the Manitoba Drama League. So, through trial readings, a few dropouts, and new members, the Stony Mountain Drama Club emerged.

On Friday, March 26, and Monday, April 5, the Stony Mountain Drama Club gave their initial performances of two plays. The plays were, "The Devil In The Skins" (a one act comedy on medieval home-life) and "Summer Comes To The Diamond O" (a one act farce portrayed in an old western setting).

Character-parts of "The Devil In The Skins" included R. McKenny as the wife, A. Johnston as the Tanner, F. Smith as the Monk, and M. Houston as the Woodsman. Peals of side-splitting laughter rang out at the rollicking antics of these four individuals. The humor was portrayed mainly by the Tanner, and assisted by the antics of the wife and the Woodsman. The Monk, although in evidence at the beginning, spent most of the play in a trunk. Their convincing acting astonished and pleased the audience.

All the players in this farce were novices, except McKenny who acted in a play (Submerged) in 1961. But, their seemingly natural talent was enough to create the impression of watching professionals, a worthy performance and well done.



A cast of eight took part in the second play "Summer Comes To The Diamond O." The part of Mr. Houston was played by J. Desrosiers, the cook by D. Smith; Curly by C. Tolton; Tex by G. Plowman; Stubs by A. Holowaty; Granny by G. Gunn; Windy by D. Elderkin; and Sheriff Lash by Pete O. At the onset, the antics of the cook, while setting the table, created the spark igniting spontaneous bursts of laughter as others came out and meandered through their respective shenanigans, a sudden tipping

of a stool or the catching of chaps in bed springs, not intentional, but part of the action. The whole cast, with the rendition of a crazy line, just about broke up with chuckles, but suppressed them-(all except Steeves)

The crochety old cowboy played by Gunn seemed to dominate the whole play, if it weren't for the splendid acting of Curly and the beginner-playing of a guitar by Stub who is quite good at it. The latter stages of the play bring on Windy, teller of tall tales, who can't help it due to an accident where he fell on his head. The Sheriff is about as unlikely an enforcer of the law as one could expect to find, and the Boss is one of those who like to get double the work from their men for half the pay. Last of all is Tex, the person carrying the low spots of the play by complaining at just the right time.

The actors are the ones getting the applause, yet there are many others participating that are never seen, although as vital to the success of the play as the actors. These stalwart personnel are the stage hands-G. Gorrell,



PHOTO-CUT COURTESY OF WINNIPEG TRIBUNE

(From left) Houston, McKinney, Johnston, Smith.

Please Turn To Page 13

UNDER . . . The Gym Roof

by B. Camphaug

Boxing "Training"

Although the actual sport has been discontinued for the last few years it doesn't lack in spirit. If anyone ever wanders to the training corner he'd see a group of young enthusiasts under the strict eyes of S. Bolonchuk . . . I'm surprised at the number of guys under his supervision in such confined quarters. One can't miss Steve's deep booming voice as he instructs these fellows, he believes in hard rigid training, guess he's a throw back to the Old-Time fighters. I've been surveying this corner very

closely the last few months and I'm positive that some of these lads will develop into classy members of the art of "Fist-i-Cuffs." There are a few that catch my eye with their determination, constant training plus their versatility. These are A. M. Leschyshyn, Bruce Kaiser, S. M. McCormack, D. Dunbar . . . I'd like to go into more vivid detail about these fellows, but my space is limited and I couldn't give an accurate account of their progress . . . All I can say now, is that I hope these fellows keep up their good work.

Weight Lifting "Body Building"

As in any sport you will see a certain number of "Clowns". Body-building is no exception. You'll always find the Clowns doing sets of exercises, flex their biceps and then swear that they have gained inches of muscles." But in general there are a group of very serious fellow—lifters. A. M. Kilpatrick, Tony Randall, R. K. Stewart, Raymond (C. K. Y.) J. Strycharz, A. M. Leschyshyn, John Glannor, Wayne D. Menzie, L. Demetroff, and yours truly, to name a few, who believe in this with great enthusiasm. Every night you can hear

the clammer of the weights and the muffled curses as muscles strain to finish the last repetition of an exercise. But, we have gained the self satisfaction of achieving our set goals in each workout. Just to give you one example of such enthusiasm; one night a certain person was doing pullovers with 150 lbs., and he stated that this was the best he could do. Kilpatrick in his quiet way added about 70 lbs., and said, "Lift it. " Today, this person is doing pullovers with 250 lbs. It just proves what a little help and heart can do ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Badminton

Guess this sport needs another Competition Final to get it back in the groove. This game seems to be dying just a little, but never fear, there are still a few that thrive on this game. You take for instance W. W. McKay, this guy hits the scales over the 250 mark, but to watch him move around the court is a wonder in itself. To see this lad move and homer the "Birdie"

over the net you would shake your head in dazed-amazement. McKay is one person that keeps this game alive. When he loses a game (which is rare) he shakes his head, smiles, shrugs his large shoulders and says, "NEXT TIME IT'LL BE MINE." It's a pleasure to hear the old line "IT'S NOT THAT YOU WIN, BUT HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME."

Volleyball

Here's one sport that will never die out in "Stony". I've watched the teams fighting hard to win a game with spikes and perfect volleys, and even after they win or lose, they all have that smile of satisfaction on their faces. Sitting

among the spectators one can hear the ooohs and aaahs as each volley is made. Some of these guys have the grace of ballet dancers. I am one of the few that still believe that the older fellows can still show the younger set a trick or two.

Basketball

Although I never play this game, here, I still enjoy watching it. This game everyone seems to enjoy, whether player, or spectator. I myself have a habit of picking out one or two players on opposing teams and watch them through-out the entire game. Last week I saw something that struck me as one of the funniest things I have seen in a long while. I'll call these two, "Stretch" and "Shorty" for obvious reasons. I don't care what I have heard about height in Basket-

ball, Shorty was sure making Stretch look a little sick. Shorty drove Stretch crazy with his sudden shifts, stops and fancy foot work. To top off Stretch's frustration in the last period, Shorty had the ball, but he could not seem to score a basket, he stopped . . looked around at Stretch and . . . YES . . . he dove through his leg and then proceeded to score. His opposition just stood there with a hang-dog look on his face and cried FOUL !!!

IT IS CONSUMATED!

I have followed,
to Calvary,
in the footsteps
of Him,

Who chose
to become the lamb
and victim
of sacrifice.

Willingly,
I carried my cross,
in union
with Him.

In a spirit
of expiation
and atonement,
my life I offer
together
with Him.

By F.E.J. Hoppe

Bard's Nook . . .

N O W I K N O W

*A tear slowly, softly falls
My heart quietly, hurtfully breaks;
This soul is pityfully torn
I lost in love, now come the aches.*

*I once held you so tight
Even felt your tender kiss;
But an angry voice and bitter words
Crushed all that heavenly bliss.*

*It's too late to ask forgiveness
And say that I'm full of shame;
It even wouldn't be hard
For me to take all the blame.*

*My eyes are still seeing you
This heart can still feel your love;
Even these lips yearn to be kissing
But you're gone like a fleeing dove.*

*Why oh why did I cause such pain?
I saw the hurt in your eyes,
I even felt your trembling hand;
My darling, I'm sorry I believed jealous lies.*

*My Love, please try and see
The way I truly, sincerely feel;
There's nothing inside my heart
That you and your love can't reveal.*

"I'M SO ALONE"

*I see the moon
With it's golden beams,
On which lovers
Dream their wishful dreams.
Oh, I'm so alone.*

*I see the ocean
Kiss the silvery sands,
On which lovers
Stroll tenderly holding hands.
Oh, I'm so alone.*

*I hear the nightingale's
Enchanting and mystic song,
Which like a lover's kiss
Tenderly sweet yet somehow strong
Oh, I'm so alone.*

*I hear the trees murmur
As the wind slowly, faintly drifts
Under which lover's vows
Are not just careless myths.
Oh, I m so alone.*

*I hear and see these things,
Night after endless night,
And I cry and sigh a little
But not in fearful fright.
Oh, I'm so alone.*

*Truly bless, I do,
These things I hear and see;
For I'm just one lonely star
In God's own Heavenly galaxy.
Oh, I'm so alone.*



“NOTES and NOTICES”

Don, our intrepid letter-pressman has left us for brighter pastures. You don't say, “Good luck, good to have known ya”. . . . to a fellow who practically single-handed ran our little shop. It is difficult to say what is felt, so we'll leave it in this manner: No man worked harder to do a job than Don. Being a worrier, he grew ulcers that no young man should have. There were times we didn't agree on things and the nerves of all concerned were drawn to a thin line. It is not these instances we recall, but those many many times we would have been in great difficulty without his genius for ultra-sonic speed in doing what had to be done . . . in less time than it took to make the request.

If Don does half as much for his employer on the street, he should have no worries at all.

Our best to him, to his wife, and all the little GREMLINS. . . .

(Mountain Echoes Staff)



THE BEARDED PRISONER



Prison life seemed to have no effect on the dark, bitter, bearded man. . . . He ate whatever food was brought to him He slept, when night descended But, other than that, he seldom moved No emotion showed on his face, and he never entered into any of the cell to cell conversations with the other men Time meant little to him as he had little time left to squander on worthless thoughts or day dreams.

In less than twenty hours, he was to be executed The other men in prison with him were all waiting for their trials, and each would practice the particular speech he would submit, in his own behalf, at the appointed time.

All through the daytime hours, he could hear the other prisoners rehearsing their stories and seeking opinions on the general points of their claims and pleas Anger would seize him at odd times, and he would shout to the prisoners to stop their everlasting jabbering. . . Silence would reign, for a time, but gradually a cautious word or two could be heard; until time seemed to erase their fears and shorten their memories, and the rumbling of conversation would again begin to swell and fill the corridor separ-

ating the cells on either side.

The bearded man rolled on his side facing the light, facing the light that streamed through his single small window and spread itself outward on the floor Without conscious thought, he began to trace his finger along the edge of the imaginary line that separated the light from the shadows. . . . There was no purpose in this action - yet the feel of his finger moving back and forth over the floor gave him a relaxed feeling.

Ever so slowly, the line seemed to move towards him, as the day waned on The hours passed and, finally, it was dark Not a trace of light remained and, only then, did he stop his finger movement along the floor's rough surface.

His finger tingled and he experienced an odd sensation when he touched it The skin rubbed thin and shone with a dirty-glossy shine, though he could not see the finger Yet, he knew it would be as he imagined it to be.

The gentle steady breathing along with the sonorous sounds, of at least one man snoring, acted like a dulling draught of sleep-remedy on him.

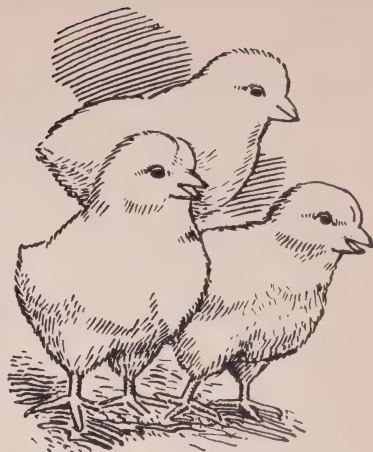
This was the only part of the long

Please Turn To Page 25

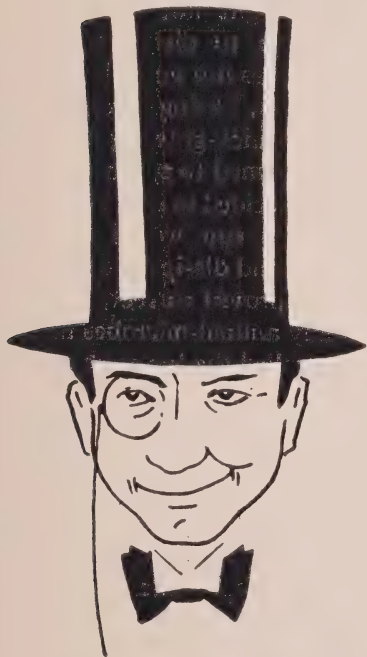
HUMOUR



And I own a sharp sports-car. .



She's a real sli k chick.



No, that's just the shape of my head.



Boy! What a bird brain you are!



Hmm.



Oh boy. (Gloom)



I have it! I'll quit!

(† PRELUDE TO EASTER)

Some things for Someone to Know

Two "Someones"-one Friendly, and one Grouchy, were working in their special laboratory. It was decided that they would create a world, a very little one. The object was simple-the Friendly someone, theorized that all living organisms were inherently good. The Grouchy someone was emphatic that nothing was good. After the arguments and dissertations were disposed of, the Friendly - someone decided the best way to prove out the arguments was through active experiment. It was agreed that if the Friendly-someone proved His theory, then, the Grouchy - someone would join forces and help His Friendly-partner in every way.

The experiment began and, in no time at all, the Friendly-someone had indeed created a world with vegetation and water and land. He made sure there was more than enough water so that His little microbes could live and that the water would purify the air-and, when needed, some of the air that had absorbed a lot of moisture from the water, would fall to earth with just the right amount of purification to quench the microbe's thirst. He fixed a warm light to sun them-then He spun the little world around so all parts of it

would get the warmth and not burn His project. Because these microbes seemed to move around at night, He placed a little reflecting ball in the sky so it would radiate a cool-dim light not sufficiently bright enough to disturb the rest of the microbes but enough to give vision. Then, being concerned about the quick-growing vegetation that seemed to sprout everywhere, He decided to spin His little earth so His sun would hit the center part and dissipate outward. His theory proved correct, but He froze many animal-microbes in the places he called the 'poles', because they cooled off too fast and ice formed on either ends of His earth. The center stayed very warm and He was jubilant. Now, He had the answer to evaporation of moisture, parts could freeze for a time, then thaw out another time, and go on indefinitely. He was very happy.

Often His microbes seemed to go crazy killing each other, and all manner of disturbing things He took a vial of water and washed all but a very few away. Now, He would build a new race of microbes, only this time He'd really watch them closely. He suspected the Grouchy-someone was fiddling around with His experiment

and He was angry as all get out. He called Grouchy in and told him to pack his equipment and get down to a lesser lab. He was fired!

Grouchy stormed out vowing he'd really SNAFU the Friendly-someone's experiment. But He knew too that Friendly was a lot better skilled in his trade so He'd really have one heck of a battle on His hands.

The first thing he'd do would be to sneak up to Friendly's lab and plant some interesting data into Friendly's computer-programmer that He used to send impulse signals to the microbes to influence their thinking and assist them to learn, so they would multiply. As far as Friendly was concerned, the data He used, was only enough for them to live peacefully and in good judgment, select their mates and multiply.

Friendly loved His two-legged microbes and He knew each one by heart and, because they had two legs like He had, He gave them more data to learn than the other animal-microbes. All went well, until the grouchy someone managed to sneak into His lab one day. Until then, His two-legged microbes were progressing slowly but surely and just enough to fully know where they were going.

Grouchy sped up the programming data and, to top it off, injected pigment-disperser into thousands of the microbes.

When Friendly came back to His lab to check the microbes, He was aghast: Before they were all one color-now they were black, brown, red, yellow, and white. Then, to make matters worse, they all seemed too much in a hurry! In order to observe them better, He separated each color and placed them apart on different parts of His world.

Time went by and He saw that they would manage to get together occasionally with good and bad results. Now, He was dismayed because they would sometimes attack each other and destroy themselves.

Grouchy was ecstatic over this. He knew that he had tampered with the one thing that would wreck Friendly's experiment-recognition of moderation! For, on this one point, lay the key to success. Over-excess in anything seemed to corrupt the microbes and ruin their judgment, increase their desires, and strain their nerves. For, these particular microbes seemed to flourish better, live longer, and socially congregate to build their cities better, when they went along moderately. Their colors seemed to confuse them also. Some got along alright while others would attack any other color.

One day, Grouchy threw the programming-data machine on full and the microbes seemed to go wild, while many microbes seemed

intelligent enough to sense something was wrong-and they used their will power to hold themselves back; many went "hogwild" with over-energized libidos and began building like mad. But this wasn't enough: They began to attack small settlements of other microbes and use them for slaves so they could build more, leaving the attackers free to guard their newly made areas and also to attack other microbes for more helpers. Friendly was appalled, when He first noticed that His microbes were killing each other and using their prisoners as slaves-but not as much as when He saw a mushroom-cloud puff up over His yellow microbes territory. When the smoke cleared away a large number of yellow microbes had disappeared, completely!

Later on, Grouchy came running in to Friendly's lab and told him that his detector showed dangerous radiation from the mushroom smoke that could hurt all the other experiments. Grouchy tried to get Friendly to destroy the project, but Friendly said He felt that the microbes would set things right themselves. He'd give them a little longer.

Not long afterwards, Friendly noted that His microbes were constructing long round-pointed cylinders that they caused to erupt into the air and head toward the night light He'd made for them. The little cylinders seemed to come from all over His earth, many

missed the light and came on past until they struck Him in His arm, stinging Him. Friendly was truly alarmed now. His microbes were not only shooting objects at their night light, but at Him:

Then, one day, mushroom-clouds seemed to cover His little world-and His microbes were disappearing and dying. In anger. He picked up His bunsen torch and He burned the entire project.

Grouchy had won his bet. Friendly was distressed and sick. He picked up his tweezers and began pulling the little cylinders (the microbes had shot at Him) from His arms. Examining these little stingers under a microscope, He noticed peculiar designs on each stinger, so, to close out His final report in His log book, He wrote:

"The experiment failed and I have eradicated it with fire. I am placing on file, some small stingers made by microbes, for comparison in future experiments. However, it is worth to note the following designs inscribed on each little stinger, (as they all differ.) They are: U. S. A., Russia, China, France, England Arab Republic, Kenya, Congo, Cuba, Japan, and Germany.

It is a pity that My microbes couldn't get along as one group-they'd have survived. I wonder if they knew My motto-'United we stand, divided we fall?' I guess not, because United means, getting along together-and they, did not:"

Signed-(A Friendly Someone)

NEW DAWN GROUP
15th ANNIVERSARY
BANQUET



SUNDAY, MAY 30TH, 1965.



STONY MOUNTAIN, MANITOBA.

CLOSED MEETING

11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

Twelve Steps Ed W.
Chairmans Address Harold L.
Warden's Welcome F. S. Harris
Liason Officer Doug Clark

Guest Speakers

New Dawn Group Harold B.
New Dawn Group Al J.
Winnipeg Group Hap Mc.

RECOVERY UNITY SERVICE HONES

New Dawn Group Garf C.
Winnipeg Group Don R.
New Dawn Principal Speaker Les S.
Tiger Group Principal Speaker Grant W.

Buffet Luncheon

12:30 p.m. to 1:30 p.m.

OPEN MEETING

1:30 p.m. to 3:15

Twelve Traditions Adam J.



Anniversary Theme:- Honesty

New Dawn Group Marcel

Manitou Group Earl D.

New Dawn Group Joe B. and Roy K.

Y OPENMINDEDNESS WILLINGNESS

PRINCIPAL ANNIVERSARY SPEAKER

Winnipeg Group Fergie



Chairman's Summary Harry L.

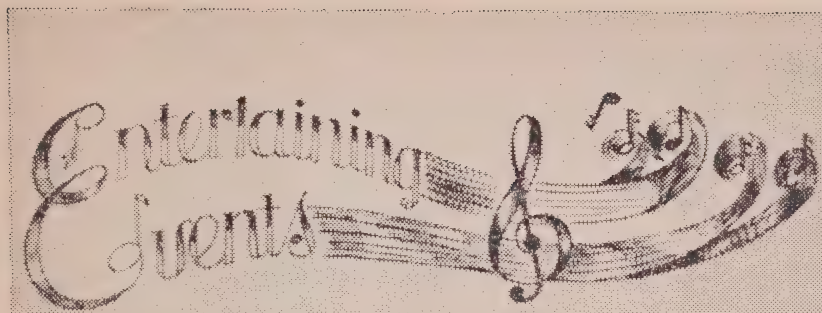
THE LORDS' PRAYER



Show Listing for June - July



- Saturday June 5: Two Loves 100 min
Land Trembling Earth
- Saturday June 12: Atlantis Lost Continent 90 min
Snow Carnival
- Saturday June 19: Secret of Monte Cristo
Where Trade Winds Blow
- Saturday June 26th: Murder She Said 87 min
Fadulous Mexico
- Saturday July 3rd: Carry on Caddy W/Sidney James, Liz Fraser
First Fast Mail
Coast of Clycle
- Saturday July 10th: John Goldfard W/Shirley MacLain, Peter Ustinov
Richard Crenna
So Sorry Pussy Cat
South Africa Today
- Saturday July 17th: The Robe W/Richard Burton, Jean Simmons,
Victor Mature
Son of Hashumoto
Algonquin Holiday
- Saturday July 24th: Fate Hunter W/ Rod Taylor, Glenn Ford, Suzanne
Pleshette
Strange Companion
Adventure in Rythme
- Saturday July 30th: Nine Hours to Rama W/Horst Bucholz, Jose Ferrer
Diane Baker
Banana Binge
Sound of Arizona



Lydi's Sextet Entertains Stony

The roof of the Auditorium nearly crumbled due to the undulating tones of high frequencies.

These tones were from the Lydi sextette, consisting of Bob Lydi playing the trombone, Ron Duncan and Berkley Johnson on saxaphones, Leo Symonds and Christy Brown with Guitars, and Buddy Taylor on the drums.

To set the tempo of the programme the Sextette romped through two fast progressive jazz numbers after which Prince Hawk introduced the individuals of the group.

Bob Lydi soloed "Summertime" on the trombone. This he did wonderously well with a perfection of tone and colouring. Prince came forth and delivered the lyrics of this song with a voice that sounded like an ever vibrating harpsicord. The band then broke into "Lester Lief" with the whole group taking turns until Lydi and Dunc. started a musical battle. The sax player, Johnson broke this up with his soul-searching tonal music. Prince followed this with a rousing number "Walking the Dog".

Duncan soloed "The Girl from Naponnema" with the relaxed, searching, straightforward style that made him the well remembered musician of "Little Ronny's Song".

A little guy came out next. Although his stature was on the small side, his voice was that of a giant. He showed his versatility by starting with "Look Down that Lonesome Road" and going on into a work song, "Chain Gang" followed by "September Song" which he sang with ease and grace.

The group played "Green Onions", blasting away, and as individuals took turns interpreting the mood of the music. "Nightingale" as well as "C Jam Blues" was requested by the audience. After these selections the

He Won't Go Home Again



Albert H. Zabala 31, won't go home again. Why? He said he was presented with a list of conditions under which his wife would accept him and he decided it just wasn't worth it. The ultimatum:

1-No drinking.

2-Hand over to me every cent you earn.

3-No stopping anywhere after work.

4-You are not to see your sister under any circumstances.

5-You are never to go out of your way to do favors for people, taking them here and there.

6-If we should get company, it is not necessary to make a trip to buy beer.

7-You are to do what I ask you to do when I ask you.

8-You are not to set foot in any bar even if you are treated to a drink.

9-Do not lend anyone money even if it's just \$2.

10-You are to let me cash your check or if you cash it I am to see it first.

11-You are never to tell me any lies, if you should I will find out.

12-You are not to do any bragging of any kind to anybody.

(Los Angeles-AP)

THE BAR

The name of each saloon's a Bar
The fittest of its names by far.

A Bar to Heaven, a door to hell;
Whoever named it named it well.

A Bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health.

A Bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to grief and sin and shame.

A Bar to hope, a Bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.

A Bar to honored useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife.

A Bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave.

A Bar to joys that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts.

A Bar to Heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it named it well.

(By an Inmate from Joliet Illinois)

J. Hyde, and the prompter, W. Steeves.

Mrs. Maurrer and Mr. Turner, as Directors, were the guiding lights behind the actors of both plays. They made the men want to do their best and were spoken of in glowing words of admiration. Both Directors also took on the chore of making up the men and were assisted by Mrs. Turner. Their remunerative gain came in the satisfaction of seeing the men do something for themselves.

The men of the Drama Club asked me to extend their heart-felt thanks for the wonderful help given them in making this presentation possible. Also, to extend a vote of appreciation from the population for helping to make their stay here just a little more bearable, through the laughter and frivolity that was brought by way of Drama Club therapy. Sincerely, we thank you.

by J. Wannop



PHOTO-CUT COURTESY OF WINNIPEG TRIBUNE

*(Back left) Gunn, DesRossier, not visible, Tolton, Sheriff,
(Front left,) Holowaty, Elderkin' Smith, Plowman.*

day that gave him peace
"The hour of beauty," he thought.
. . . The time before sleep when he
could experience a semblance of
conscious thought without interrup-
tion by the whining - crying -
yapping of his fellow prisoners . . .
"Jackals," he said aloud to him-
self "Nothing but jackals . . .
They'd cut your throat one min-
ute, and complain that their knife
was dull, the next."

Sleep claimed him finally
Usually, he slept soundly enough,
but this night it was different
He began to mutter and toss and,
at one time, a muffled oath left his
lips He began to dream
And what a dream it was He
was standing outside the prison . . .
No guards were anywhere to be
seen Nothing metallic gripped
his arms or legs, he was free!
In his dream, he had started to
walk away bewildered, rubbing the
scabbed and calloused ridges a-
round his wrists where the shackles
had bound him But, some-
thing had made him turn around
and look back at the prison
He saw the small window where he
had stayed and then he let his gaze
wander along the dank stones to
the court yard and he saw several
guards leading a bruised and bat-
tered man towards the condemned
pavilion, where he had been
An anguished cry broke from his
lips and he awoke Sweat was

streaming from every pore of his
body and a guard came running to
his cell "Alright, You, what
the hell's the matter? You want to
make trouble on your last day?"

The bearded prisoner gave the
guard a dazed uncomprehending
stare Then, suddenly, he re-
alized it was morning and he had
been dreaming

"I must've been dreaming," he
muttered, letting his head fall
back to the floor . . . His mind
was awlirl "What a cruel
dream," he thought, "to dream of
freedom and awake to death." . . .

The guard looked once more at
him and let his eyes check the
shackles that bound this murderer
. . . . Satisfied, he grunted an oath
and walked heavily away. . . .

Food was brought and he knew
his time was very near But,
he had no hunger, so he left the
food untouched Not long af-
ter, he heard the heavy tread of the
guard's steps and then the jangle
of the keys in the lock - and he
thought it wasn't time
it was too soon the sun had
not begun to descend yet He
was roughly hauled to his feet and
half-dragged up the steps past jeer-
ing prisoners calling him names
and thanking God he was being
taken away - execution or other-
wise.

When they got to the pavilion
door, they took off his shackles and

handed him his few personal belongings that were taken from him and then they roughly threw him out onto the ground The door slammed behind him and a voice dimly said "and don't come back."

In a daze, he began to walk away, rubbing his scabbed and calloused wrists where the shackles had been He turned and looked back at the prison and then towards the courtyard He saw several guards leading a battered and bruised man towards the condemned pavilion A cold chill swept his spine and touched the roots of his hair and he began to tremble The battered prisoner looked toward him - eyes steady as a still pool of blue water - and he smiled The guards stopped for a moment as they came near the ex-condemned prisoner "Be on your way, murderer, the next time you won't be so fortunate." The bearded prisoner in their grasp spoke — "what you have done has been forgiven you. Go nowand sin no more."

The guards took their prisoner to the door of the pavilion where a long, shaved, heavy plank stood propped against the wall Another shorter plank was lashed and nailed to it, forming a cross The prisoner was ordered to place

the heavy part on his shoulder, letting the longer part scrape behind him Then they started up the long winding streets of the city . . . a crowd gathering as they went along between the market places Distantly, the ex-prisoner heard someone say . . . "They have taken Jesus Ben Joseph to be crucified, but what of the other condemned man . . . was it not the Jewish custom to release one condemned to death, if another is to be executed on a Sabbath Day?" Another voice answered . . . "Aye, 'tis true today one Jesus goes to his death and another Jesus lives."

So it was, that Jesus Ben Barabbus received his freedom . . . not knowing that on this selfsame day another condemned criminal would also be freed to sainthood.

In His way, Christ left one on earth and took to paradise another Of all the choices he could have made between Kings and Statesmen . . . He alone gave to two of the lowest human beings. So it must be that man is honored by God, regardless of the depth of his misdeeds Every day, a Barrabus leaves some prison, rubbing his imaginary shackle-sores and, every day, some unsuspecting prisoner somewhere receives his new freedom miraculously.

"D R I F T I N G M E M O R I E S"

*Each night, I lay full awake
 And dream of yesteryear;
Time's pages turn in the quake—
 Memories of love, hope, laughter, and fear.*

*'Tis true I dwell but in a dream
 Where time willingly unyields itself;
It's here I see and feel wonders supreme—
 My memory stores the past, like books upon a shelf.*

*I see and hear the true glory
 Of love blooming in the spring;
It's just like some enchanting story
 Whose pages tell of beautiful things.*

*To feel a pain and a tender kiss,
 To hear a harsh and a whispered word;
These things shall and will never fail to exist
 For they soar ahigh like some night bird.*

*To hear the joyous laughter,
 And even feel a falling tear;
To feel your heart break and mend,
 After words so bitter - then words so sincere.*

*And now at these memories I smile,
 As sleep slowly drowns my eyes;
I'll forget these memories just awhile
 Until another night, to my mind they will fly.*

T H E F A T E S C A L L I N G

*What is a life so dull and drab
One of pain, lost hopes exceedingly sad
Weakened heart and weary eyes
Life's will lost and tortured cries
Weeping spirit, broken, split in two
Just like a dying ember, it's sad but true*

*Haunted by increasing fear and guilt
Over past tragedies that have spilt
What's a man's spirit crushed and broken
Like some lost and buried token
To face each hour timed and counted
With fear and depression mounred*

*Has one so mighty tried this body
Or drawn his name in some strange lottery
Can one alone judge a man's true heart
To find the mistake worthy of tearing him apart
Then sadly say a prayer soft and deep
"GOD has your soul, now you can sleep"*

.... B. Camphaug

TRIBUNE CELEBRATES 75th ANNIVERSARY!

The Winnipeg Tribune celebrates it's 75th year in the newspaper business.

For those who read the Tribune, it's hard to believe that before the turn of the century there was a publication that brought all the news to this remote, but thriving western town.

Even in its infancy, the Tribune proved to be in such great demand that it was considered unthinkable for any merchant or trader or trapper to begin the day's work without first being appraised of the news in the paper issued the night before.

Many of those who pay their few cents for the news of the world little realize the amount of work that goes into the compilation of just one single issue. All the world's market prices, changes in the country's laws, new enterprises entering business, world tensions and world opinions plus local information of such importance that only the most reliable and competent correspondents and reporters are assigned to bring you the news as it happens daily. The cost? Fabulous! Do you pay this? No, but through our system of free enterprise we reap the benefits of millions of dollars of machinery and know-how, for a few pennies.

Advertisements and subscriptions pay for most of the cost, and there is always the danger that one month may bring the books into the red should any part of the machine fail. The machine in this case is the entire operating force. But, regardless of floods, storms and other difficulties the paper somehow goes to press each day, with the public unaware that there has been any problem at all.

We of the Mountain Echoes wish to extend to all of the "Tribune" Staff our best wishes for their future and a very fond "Thank You" for the many, many photographic plates made for us over the years at their own expense. Again, Thank You!

The Mountain Echoes Staff



STEVE BEE'S NEWS AND VIEWS

With the election of a new committee for sports, and the coming fast-ball season just around the corner, I would suggest to the committee:- a re-organization of our ball setup is a must, if Stony Mountain wishes to be the power it once was under the Giants, in senior fastball here in Manitoba. We can recall when Legion 141 of Winnipeg, on it's return to our fair city after capturing the Western Fastball title from Vancouver, lost a close one to the Giants in nine innings by a score of 3-1. And their fabulous hurler, Lou Lucki, not only lost the game but also his spikes on a wager.

Those were the days when the forty minutes allotted for recreation each day were used to develop the abilities one had by drilling and more drilling, in order to participate on a ball team Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Those also were the days when many a ball player began his ball career in the "C" league and developed, through hard work and determination, his abilities, to the extent, he progressed from C to A league and into the powerhouse known as the Giants of the senior fastball league. We now have the raw material and facilities we dreamed about years ago. It's up to you, the committee, to pick up the pieces and begin building a club once more that will be heard from in the future with respect, as it once was in the senior league. We have the tools—let's get on with the job.

The hockey season now over and done with, this corner thinks it is only right to express our thanks to the hockey commissioner and his associates, for a well-organized and enjoyable season. We are aware of the work involved and time spent by all of you to put this over so well. Congratulations, Carlo!

It's easy to cry th it you're beaten—and die
It's easy to crawfish and crawl;
But to fight and to fight when hope's out of sight,
Why that's the best game of them all.
And though you come out of each gruelling bout
All broken and beaten and scarred,
Just have one more try, it's dead easy to die — (ROBERT
It's the keeping on living that's hard. SERVICE)

WINTER SPORTS AFIELD

Due to the unreasonably long winter our sports of seasonal type came near to running into a double header. There was a worthwhile benefit all things considered, it did give a chance to all members, who, for various reasons were unable to participate in the winter's regular activities.

The hockey playoffs which had not yet taken place last issue saw the "A" League Bruins come out on top and the "B" League Red Wings hold their position as top contenders for the honors.

The curlers also enjoyed the extended weather, however the usual bonspiel thaw was most felt by its all too evident absence. Last issue covered all the honors for this sport, and the extra competitions were of an exhibition caliber under the supervision of commissioner Steve Kozaruk.

To the winners of the winter sports, well played and well won, to the sportsmen who contended in all the teams, well played and well done. It is good to be a winner and we all enjoy the thrill of this spotlight, but, to compete against a champ or be considered worthy of such a competition is in itself a victory as well.

For my sports topic this publication I wish to pass on some notes which may be of interest to curlers of the stone in that game called 'CURLING,' a game in which the players propel large rounded stones upon a rink or sheet of ice, toward a mark called the tee. Where the game originated is not precisely known; but it first became popular in Scotland in the sixteenth century. Some writers, looking to the name and technical terms of the game, trace its invention to the Netherlands. Curling was called "Kuting" in some parts of Lanarkshire and Ayrshire. Cornelis Kilian (1528-1607) in his Teutonic Dictionary gave the term "Khuyten" as meaning a pastime in which large globes of stone like the quoit or discus were thrown upon the ice.

If the game was not indigenous to Scotland it certainly owed its development to that country, and in the course of time it came to be the national sport. It was played at first with very crude engines—random whin boulders fashioned by nature alone, bored through to let in the thumb of the player, having been the primitive channel stones. In course of years the rough block was superseded by a symmetrical object usually made of whinstone or granite, beautifully rounded, brilliantly polished, and supplied with a convenient handle.

In 1834 an Amateur Curling Club of Scotland was formed but came to nothing. The Grand Caledonia Curling Club, which began its existence on November 12, 1838, and which, under its present title of the Royal Caledonia Curling Club, Edinburgh, Scotland, is regarded in all parts of the world as the mother club and legislative body, even in Canada.

The following is a glossary of the more familiar curling terms:

Besom, brush used for sweeping ice.

Bonspiel, a curling tournament.

Button, the one-foot circle around tee.

Chipping-the-winner, striking the winning stone of which only a small part can be seen.

Crampit, an iron plate with spikes to hold it on the ice and which is used by the player as a hack from which to deliver his stone.

End, an inning in curling.

Head, the stones in the circle after all 16 have been played.

House, the 12 foot circle around the tee.

Pat-lid, a stone laying on the tee.

Port, the opening between the stones.

Raise, promoting a stone towards the tee with a played stone.

Link, the ice on which the game is played; also a team.

Wick, to carom off a stone,

Canada has over 100,000 players of this sport, Winnipeg, Manitoba is the curling capital of all curling outside Scotland, and is at all times the leading contender for the world championship.

With these jottings based on Britannica reports you have a brief summary of that game called CURLING.

G. Gunn



*Tomorrow is the future we spoke of yesterday-and
yesterday was the tomorrow we just spoke of. . . two
days ago.*

*A smile is not a sign of weakness, though anger is
a sure sign. (A.N.O.N.)*

PENAL EXCHANGE

by Bardell Adamson

ATTENTION, ALL EDITORS:

Are we receiving your publication? If your publication is NOT listed below, will you please see that we get a copy of your next offering? We will, of course, reciprocate.

The Criterion, The Corrector, The Pendleton Reflector, The Forum, The Mentor, Hill Top News, Kilby Sun, Santa Rita Rehab. Center, The Bridge, Recount, Paahoa Press, The Clock, The House Of Correction, The Menard Times, Encourager, Lake Shore Outlook, Hawkeye, Presidio, The Harbinger, New Era, The Skytower News, The Angolite, The Inside World, M.P. News, The Spectator, The Prison Mirror, Courier, Inside Bordentown, The Enchanted News, The Eye Opener, The Echo, Seagozette, Time and Tied, Island Lantern, The Bay Banner. Our address is:

The Mountain Echoes
Box 101, Stony Mountain,
Manitoba, Canada

"BORROWED HUMOR"

Cop: "Who was driving when the accident happened?"

Drunk: "No one. We were all sitting in the back seat."

(The Criterion)

The young lady rushed into a Doctor's office waving a pair of shattered glasses. "Oh Doctor," she exclaimed, "I just sat on these new glasses. Will I have to be examined all over?"

"No," replied the Doctor, "Just your eyes."

(Weekly Progress)

A small boy, losing his mother in a supermarket, ran through the aisles yelling frantically, "Elaine! Elaine!"

When his mother found him, she scolded him. "Bobby, it isn't polite to call me Elaine. You should always call me Mother."

"I know," Bobby replied through his tears, "but this place is full of mothers and I wanted to be sure I got the right one."

(The Harbinger)

The girl was buying an invisible hairnet. "But are you sure it's really invisible?" she asked the saleslady.

"Am I sure it's invisible!" the lady behind the counter exclaimed, "Listen, Dearie, this morning I sold three dozen of them and yesterday I sold eight dozen and, just between you and me, we haven't had any in the store since we ran out and forgot to re-order them, three weeks ago."

(The Harbinger)

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We wish to acknowledge to those of you who find time to write us regarding specific articles, etc ; the following letter is one which we feel deserves mention.

Mountain Echoes,
c/o the Warden - Box 101,
Stony Mountain, Manitoba.

Dear Sir:

Your article in the November-December issue re: THE FASHION FOUR was very gratifying; consequently I thought you and the fellows would like to know what future plans are in store for this fine vocal quartet.

Currently they are appearing here in Chan's Moon Room and wind it up Saturday, Feb. 27th. On March 16-'65 they will begin an 18 week night club tour of Europe, opening in Madrid, Spain for two weeks and then to Germany, France and England. The European engagement is to be followed by a 12 week stint on the famed Playboy Club circuit in the U.S.A. After, this anything can happen. At any rate this is the big break for the boys.

Our office felt you would be interested in this information.

Yours truly,

T. P. Morris

THEATRICAL AGENT

P. S. Enclosed \$1.00 for 1 year subscription.

The Wonderful Wizards Of Ads

When a particular facial tissue came out with the box that let you take one at a time, did the other tissue makers roll over and play dead? They did not! They advertised in the opposite direction. You didn't have to take just one at a time with their boxes—you could reach in and get a whole handful.

When the airlines promised to get you there faster, railroads urged you to slow down, take it easy, and see the country as you traveled.

One of the most interesting advertising campaigns of recent years involved a company that wasn't first - and admitted it.

"We're second," said the car rental people, "so we try harder to please you."

"A little pussycat," retorted another car rental Co., "can never be a tiger. A play for sympathy never fooled anyone."

Yet, it seemed obvious that the pussycat had scratched the tiger.

And a third car rental firm has come into the act, freely admitting it isn't biggest or second biggest, but claiming its new cars are just as new and besides it gives Green Stamps.

The real art is taking an apparent liability and turning it into an asset. A foreign import car's people have been doing this for years. "Our car," they say in effect, "looks like a funny little bug, and we haven't changed it in eight years. And our station wagon is downright ridiculous."

Say what you will, it sells cars

A Ketchup Co. has a current ad that says, with some pride, that you may have trouble getting the stuff out of the bottle. People have complained about that characteristic in ketchup for years, but the Co. brags about it.

That shows it isn't runny or watery, the company says, and there's more good, rich, thick ketchup in the bottle.

A cigarette company scored a big one a few years back by calling a halt to the coupon craze. At that time, most cigarettes had coupons. Now only one manufacturer does, and that's fine because it makes him different. The company did it well, too, by stating that the high cost of their special tobacco made such extras impossible.

A soap product became famous by not being pure — only 99 and 44/100 % pure. Nearly perfect, and a whole lot more believable than perfection.

A shampoo company doesn't advertise the world's thickest shampoo, but equates luxury with a slowly descending pearl. (The pearl would do the same thing in a heavyweight motor oil, but that's beside the point.

For years, the shaving cream people have tried to make the stuff cooler. Now, the newest one is warm.

Now that the deodorant people have convinced us that we all have a disagreeable odor, they are rapidly convincing us that there is no good way to apply the stuff. It's either a messy cream, a gooey roll-on, or a spray that sprays all over the place.

(Paul Light's column — St. Paul Pioneer Press — St. Paul, Minnesota)



It would be better to ask for mercy than justice. None of us can afford justice-though, all of can afford mercy.

Quality is that value never found in QUANTITY.

*Time is man's measure of past, present, and future. . .
Distance' is that measurement by which we travel. . .
And, when we have progressed to the point where we may
travel in speeds equivalent to light, we will have succeeded
in curtailing time, distance, speed, and future. . .
and regress.*

A tear does not necessarily denote a coward, it could mean a very soft heart. (Anon.)

If exercise eliminates fat, how then can a woman have a double chin? (CJOB RADIO, WPG.)

band took a well deserved rest.

Bobby Griffith came on with the song 'Around the World', breaking up the place and stayed on with a blues number 'They Raided The Joint.' While there were others singers on the program, this one shone forth with silver tones and flawless delivery, to the point of perfection.

This young man had the superlative tones of a nightengale. He brought down the house with his interpretation of 'King Of The Road', and continued to keep all in rapturous delight with 'Mack The Knife'. In ending his brief but sinelating stay on stage, he sang with the feeling of one who is leaving a group of friends, 'Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone'. This resulted in a blast of applause from the audience which thundered down on a worthy performers head.

The band came back with a piece called "Gravy Waltz" with style and tonal perfection giving all the members the chance to show their versatility with their instruments.

Gordy Brown reappeared with Buddy Taylor and playing one set of drums, thumped out "Drums for the Soul". It started with Gordy giving sporatic licks to the trap and cymbols with Buddy carrying the major beat. Then Gordy moved into the drummers seat and took over the beat while Buddy moved to the side.

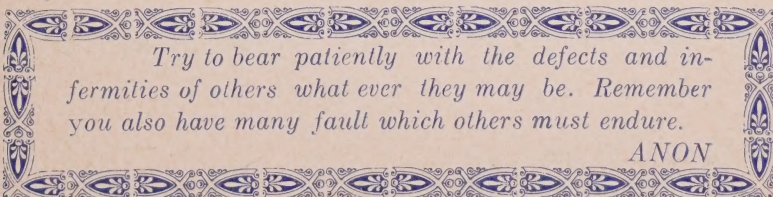
Prince again took the stage to sing "Something on your Mind" to the gratification of the audience. Dunc. took his saxaphone to solo "Kansas City" which he did with ease and sincerity until Lydi and Johnson joined him.

Prince Hawk closed the show by singing "What did I say" and as he sang he brought out the other two singers who romped about the stage in tempo to the music. Finally Prince told the audience that they had to cut out and said farewell for the whole group.

K. Allan stepped on stage to thank the group on behalf of the inmates in the Institution, expressing our deepest desire to have the group return for another engagement sometime.

J. Wannop

Con. from page 21



Try to bear patiently with the defects and infirmities of others what ever they may be. Remember you also have many fault which others must endure.

ANON

AN OPEN-LETTER TO PENAL PRESS MEMBERS

Dear Editor:

We are in receipt of a letter from the University of Montreal, in which we are advised that the University is organizing a Department of Criminology, and would appreciate receiving copies of our publications.

May we suggest that all members of the Penal Press add the following name to your complimentary subscription list:

THE DEPARTMENT OF CRIMINOLOGY
UNIVERSITY OF MONTREAL,
MONTREAL, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

It is requested (as a courtesy to this newly-formed Criminology Division of the University of Montreal), that any member of the Penal Press should endeavor to assist the Division by sending all possible back issues — plus any future runs.

For those of us who cry out for understanding, it behooves us to do everything within our power to further our cause. By supplying those groups who dedicate themselves to a scientific approach to our problems, we give them the ingredients with which to work out possible future solutions.

We are certain that you will instantly recognize the merit in this request.

THE MOUNTAIN ECHOES STAFF

MOUNTAIN ECHOES

P.O. Box 101, Stony Mountain, Manitoba

I YEAR SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PROV. _____



Sorry we are late,
but we were tied up!